

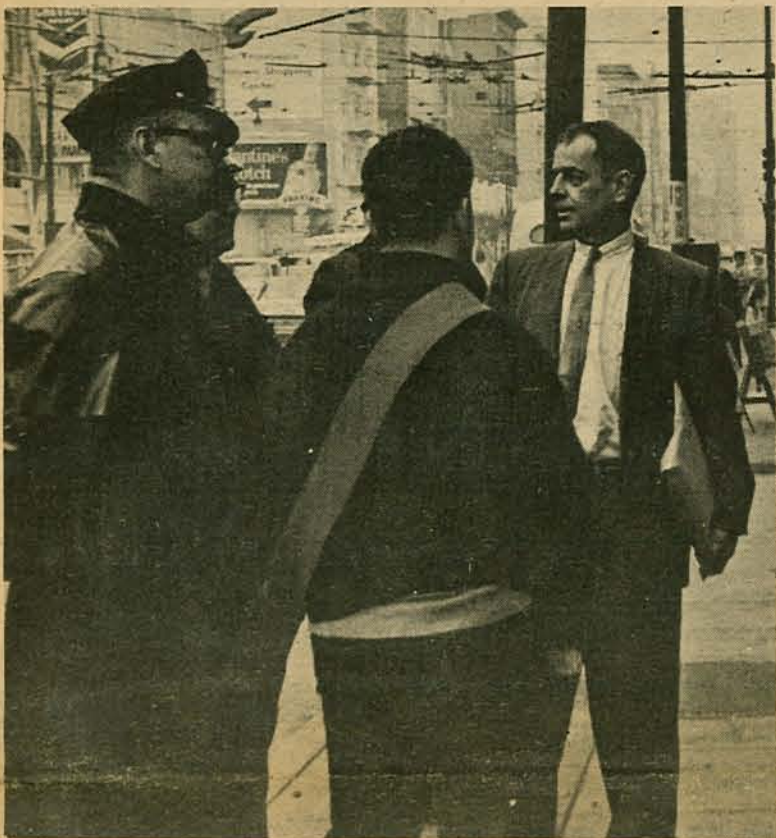
**STRIKE
SPECIAL**

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gets tough
Page 7**



Guardian photos by Hank Meals

Sad, bitter, outrageous

There is but one word to use for the San Francisco press blackout: outrageous. It is outrageous that San Francisco must go, as long as it has and as long as it probably will, without a major daily newspaper.

Perhaps it was inevitable, as our front-page labor analysis argues forcefully; the 1965 merger (approved by President Johnson's Justice Department under suspicious circumstances never fully explained) ... the publishers' plans to maximize profits without much of a trickle-down prospectus for unions ... the difficulty of bargaining with a management whose profits are safely hidden in private corporations ... Hearst's union-smashing putsch in Los Angeles ... the intransigence of the unions in dealing with automation and their failure to put to-

gether progressive automation programs as did Harry Bridges for the longshoremen.

Sadly, the last thing either side seems to be interested in is putting out the great newspaper that San Francisco has for so long deserved.

The public has a stake in the daily publication of monopoly papers, just as it does in the publication of strong, competitive papers. The latter it now can't do much about, the former it can.

If the strike continues much longer, and both sides remain bitterly dug in in World War I trenches, there seems to be only one thing to insist upon: that management and the unions should be forced to submit to compulsory and binding arbitration—in their interest and in the public interest.

Escorted by
policemen,
Scott Newhall,
the Chronicle's
executive editor,
exchanges words
with hostile
union pickets
then, smiling
weakly, slips
inside office



After the merger, it was inevitable

By our correspondent

It had been coming for nearly 2-1/2 years, and no one could -- or would -- stop it. It was inevitable. San Franciscans were foredoomed to the strike that cut off their daily newspapers on January 5 for the first time in more than a century.

It appears, too, that they won't see the papers again for several weeks -- perhaps months. After months and months of bitter, inconclusive struggle, publishers and newspaper unions aren't likely to suddenly kiss and makeup, even though the pickets are marching.

They're picketing in behalf of the Mailers Union -- men and women from all 11 of the other unions represented at the papers. But they're not merely supporting a mailers' strike; they're not just fighting a mailers versus publishers battle.

They feel they are waging an all-union battle to alter plans laid out by San Francisco's newspaper publishers late in 1965 -- plans neither designed to improve the lot of any union members nor to put out better newspapers for the public.

It was back there in 1965 that their battle really began, when the Hearst Corporation, master of a national chain specializing in "yellow journalism," joined in a once highly improbable alliance with the DeYoung family, which had boasted for years that its morning Chronicle was "the city's only home-owned newspaper."

They formed The San Francisco Newspaper Printing Company, then killed Hearst's afternoon News Call-Bulletin and switched Hearst's morning Examiner into that spot. The Chronicle would be the city's only morning paper, The Examiner its only afternoon paper -- except on Sundays, when readers would get a morning Hodge-podge called The Examiner-Chronicle.

—continued on page 2

The strikers who are torn by doubts

Solidarity forever? It's not that solid.

Factions split the 3,000 members of 12 unions who on Jan. 5 closed down operations of The Chronicle and The Examiner, and of their mechanical component, the San Francisco Newspaper Printing Company.

There are those who strike grudgingly. There is a silent minority.

If the strike drags on (and a long strike appears possible) these factions will, inevitably, rise to the surface, like a sour yeast in the batter.

STUBBORN MANAGEMENT

Failure of the very stubborn and short-sighted officers of the Print-

ing Company to arrive at a contract with Mailers Union Local 18 precipitated the strike. But the appearance of what was euphemistically billed as an "informational picket line" from Los Angeles Herald-Examiner unions gave it the necessary impetus.

In essence, it is a mailers' strike, the date of which was set by pickets from outside the city. Mailers Local 18 is a small union -- their strike vote, 141-to-9 -- but they are backed by all the juice and archaic trade-union prestige of their parent, the International Typographical Union. And that's plenty.

Numerically, the largest of the 11 unions supporting the mailers (in labor parlance this is curi-

ously called "a strike-lockout") is the San Francisco-Oakland Newspaper Guild.

Most if not all of the 900 Guild strikers are decent people, men and women of goodwill. This of course includes the Guild's leaders, who regard the strike with a kind of jubilation. It has given meaning to their long hours in stuffy rooms. It is the Second Coming.

DOUBTING GUILDSMEN

Some Guildsmen, however, and no doubt some members of other unions, find themselves torn by doubts:

On the one hand is an ancient loyalty to the labor movement-- wage stiff hanging together; on

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the other hand is a concern that the labor movement has grown conservative, that it ignores the central issues of our time, these being the Vietnam War and the Black Revolution.

Not only ignores these issues but often, distressingly, is on the

—continued on page 8

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THE BIG STRIKE... THE BIG STRIKE... THE BIG STRIKE... THE BIG ST

Nobody cared about better papers

—continued from page 1

All would be published by the new company. Editorial work would be separate, but all other functions -- mechanical operations, advertising, circulation and the like -- would be merged and run by the jointly-owned Printing Company.

San Francisco's long-suffering newspaper readers hardly benefitted. The Examiner remained as dull, reactionary and Hearstian as it had been in the mornings -- picking up, moreover, the sloppy, slap-dash habits of the defunct News Call-Bulletin.

The Chronicle retained its position as one of the country's more liberal, sprightly and well-written papers, but still far too short on solid information and investigatory reporting.

Both papers had the talent and resources to do much, much better. But they hadn't merged in the interest of better newspapers. The goal was maximum profits and, with competition wiped out, the money rolled in. Neither readers nor advertisers had anywhere else to go, so why change?

The newspaper unions didn't show much concern for the readers either -- not even the Newspaper Guild, whose members include the reporters. Theoretically, at least, they worry about things beyond mere bread and butter.

The unions did take some perfunctory and belated steps to attack the merger on anti-trust grounds. But even that was prompted mainly by concern that their members would lose jobs after the merger. They were right, and they have been fighting ever since to see that no more jobs are lost, and to get the greatest possible share of the new profits.

The unions were aware that the merger would not be completed until the Printing Company also completed its joint headquarters -- remodeling the Chronicle Building at Fifth and Mission Sts. and adding a new annex in the rear.

It was there that all the merger plans finally would be carried out. New equipment to produce more with less employees would be set

up; profits would reach their maximum.

But what of the unions? They could spoil the plans; they could cut into the new profits. This was especially so for the three largest unions -- the 900-member Guild; 475-member International Typographical Union, and 700-member Newspaper and Periodical Drivers, a powerful Teamster affiliate.

They had to be held down, and they had to be held down in 1968. For that was when plans were to go into operation, and the year when the contracts of the three unions were up for re-negotiation -- the Guild in September, the ITU in November and the drivers in December.

But first came the little Mailers Union, an ITU affiliate whose 150 members bundle and otherwise prepare papers for distribution as they roll off the presses. Its contract expired in March, 1967. If it got what it wanted in a new contract, others would expect the same treatment in 1968.

"If we're a pushover for the Mailers Union," a printing company officer explained candidly to negotiators, "the three big ones will think it's pretty easy."

Obviously, it hasn't been easy for the mailers. They negotiated with the company for almost a year, long after their old contract expired.

The company knew the mailers would not accept, across the bargaining table, its plans for mailer operations in the new headquarters building. Doug Smith, Mailers

Union president, contended, "they'd just about wipe us out." He's exaggerating, but not much.

Rather than compromise, however, the company stalled mailer negotiations. Company officials hoped to complete the building this year while still negotiating, then institute their plans unilaterally. They presumably felt this would give the mailers no choice but to accept the new operations, because the other unions would not allow the mailers to call a strike that also would idle their 2,700 members.

But the other unions had some thoughts about "pushovers" too.

"If the newspaper publishers can push some of us around," they argue on a handbill being distributed on the picket lines, "they can push all of us around."

The other unions feared, in short, what the Printing Company's plans might hold for them. They didn't know, and still don't know, but they got a good idea from the company proposals to the mailers.

For one thing, they call for reducing the number of mailers now at work by as much as 25 per cent. Yet they would increase the output of papers to 70,000 an hour on the new press in the headquarters building, from the current output of 40,000 an hour on old Examiner presses and 60,000 an hour on Chronicle presses.

The union, quite naturally, calls it an attempted "speedup" and demands retention of all mailers now working. The Printing Company claims more efficiency on the new press requires reduced manpower and, quite naturally, accuses the union of attempted "featherbedding."

As in all such arguments, it's virtually impossible to determine who's right and who's wrong. But the union does claim to have experience on its side. It points out that the San Jose Mercury-News installed equipment similar to that planned at the Printing Company, and has found it needs more mailers than they're calling for in San Francisco.

The company offered no special protection for the men who would lose their jobs under its proposals; it did not even try to buy union approval of offering a substantial pay raise to those who would remain at work. In fact, it would curtail the overtime pay commonly earned by many mailers.

Probably more important to the union is a proposal that would allow the company to hire anyone it liked. They would have to join the union after 30 days, but the company no longer would have to hire only apprentices and journeymen sent by the union. Those currently-employed mailers who would lose their jobs, that is, would not even be guaranteed a chance for re-hiring.

—continued on page 11

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BACKGROUND TO THE S.F. STRIKE

Is Hearst out to break the unions in Los Angeles?

(The writer has covered the strike regularly in Los Angeles.)
Copyright 1968, The Bay Guardian Co., Inc.

LOS ANGELES —Danny's Cafe was nothing special as newspaper bars go. A dim, noisy place half a block up seedy Broadway from the 1903-vintage plant of Hearst's Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, Danny's was a good enough spot for disillusioned young reporters to bemoan the low pay, high turnover and anachronistic management which made America's biggest afternoon daily (circ. 726,000) into a slipshod flag-waver whose green-tinted front page screamed with doomsday headlines.

Danny's has been nearly empty since mid-December, and should stay relatively unoccupied for months to come. The bar is owned by genial Bob Hunter, a balding sportswriter who drives each day through eight unions' picket lines to join a skeleton work force publishing the struck Herald-Examiner. Bitterness runs deep.

LITTLE HOPE

San Francisco's newspaper strike began at the Herald-Examiner. Increasingly ominous developments in the month-old strike by 2,000 of the paper's 2,200 em-

ployees give little hope that management in either city will soon yield to labor.

Instead, well-prepared Hearst officials are showing themselves surprisingly strong, unbending -- and still in business in Los Angeles.

Fruitless negotiations dragged on over the holiday season, but have been broken off. It looks like a long strike -- and union men begin to fear that publisher George Hearst Jr., 40, means it to end the way long strikes ended at the Portland Oregonian, Miami Herald and Oklahoma City Times not long ago: in the breaking of the unions and the institution of the open shop.

Already, discouragement is thinning the ranks and resolve of strikers. Said picketer Merv Harris, a young sportswriter: "I'm flying to New York next week to see the National Basketball Assn. about a public relations job. Or maybe I'll join the USIA and do a little traveling."

And in counterpoint to the intransigence of management, the strike has been one of the most violent labor disputes in recent California history.

The Herald-Examiner's circulation manager and insurance manager were knocked to the parking lot asphalt by knots of angry men and kicked in the face. A non-union truck driver opened a picket's face with a tire iron. Shots were fired at a non-union delivery truck in Watts (although, said a detective, "We don't need a strike to have that happen down here"). Unobtrusive Pinkerton Chevrolets follow each heavily laden truck on its delivery rounds.

The Herald-Examiner, the city's monopoly afternoon paper for six years, was unionized in 1939. American Newspaper Guildsmen who insist that the Hearst family seeks a return to the open shop point to one plausible motive: envy of crosstown Los Angeles Times publisher Otis Chandler, whose top-rated morning paper is flourishing non-union (except in the pressroom).

Chandler's largesse -- five-year reporter's scale of \$208 a week, compared to Hearst's \$174 -- keeps the Guild and other craft unions out while freeing the Times

of mossy union objections to installation of the latest technologically advanced equipment.

Says a seasoned labor observer: "Hearst's big push is really against the crafts. Those unions are the real bad guys."

From William Randolph Hearst Jr. down, top corporation executives say little publicly. Denials of break-the-union plans are oblique: "The only goal that the Herald-Examiner has in this matter is to continue to publish, and if in the face of what we consider to be reasonable and realistic offers the unions continue to strike, we will still continue to publish," repeats the outside public relations man hired as the Hearsts' only medium to the world.

Chief guild negotiator Robert J. Rupert, a bespectacled 31-year-old Ottawan, maintains that management prepared in advance to publish during a lengthy walkout.

To begin with, Hearst refused to match the settlement won by the Guild with the much smaller, Ridder-owned Long Beach newspapers on Dec. 9. Union demands for the new Long Beach five-year scale of \$200, a \$26 rise over two years, were met with a firm offer of \$13 over two years. "Completely unacceptable," snapped Rupert, as he led the editorial, advertising and circulation workers out.

With only a day's delay, the Herald-Examiner swung back into publication using craftsmen imported from the Bay Area, Honolulu, Oklahoma City and Orlando. Cots and a field kitchen were set up in the mailers room. ("Shhhh... 160 scabs sleeping inside," reads a picket's placard carried around the plant daily.)

Advertisers, for the most part, stayed loyal. When entrances were blocked by angry strikers, the newspaper won a quick court injunction limiting the number of protestors at any entrance to four. Street-level windows had been barred before negotiations broke off.

For all labor's efforts, the paper's strike editions have grown fatter daily, the press runs larger. Herald-Examiner classified ads plead for strikebreaking workers in all categories. In goodly number, applicants stream to a second-floor suite of employment offices guarded by paunchy, near-senile Pinkertons. Workers are paid the company's top offer to the unions -- night scale -- plus 25 hours guaranteed weekly overtime, \$8 a day subsistence and all travel expenses.

Blue collar workers the Herald now has in abundance, but Hearst is hurting for editorial help. News executives and a few contract sportswriters make up most of the newsroom work force. The Herald-Examiner relies mainly on wire service stories, even for breaking local news.

ALMOST 'HEALTHY'

Few readers notice the difference. Issues run up to 58 pages (normal average is 80). Press runs are now up to a healthy 600,000 a day. Though some union newsvendors refuse to handle the editions, anyone with a car finds little trouble in buying the Herald on the street. Snafus in home deliveries, too, have been straightened out in most areas.

With things so well battened down at the plant, Hearst executives came to the bargaining table at the downtown federal building last week in a mood of jaunty confidence.



"REMEMBER THE GOOD OLD DAYS, DEAR, WHEN WE HAD THE MORNING PAPER TO HIDE BEHIND?"

Robert Bastian Bay Guardian Company ©1968

They outraged Guildsman Rupert and his fellow negotiators with a sudden demand for post-strike seniority for strikebreakers over low-seniority union men. The session was short and curt. There have been no meetings since.

What most worries the strikers is the impotence of what they'd considered their biggest club: the belated support of the Teamsters. The Teamsters had been quarreling with the Guild for months, attempting to grab the Guild delivery drivers for themselves.

Consequently, they withheld sanction of the strike until the Guild promised to let the drivers vote on the matter at strike's end. Teamster drivers no longer deliver newsprint to the Herald-Examiner; moreover, longshoremen at the San Pedro docks refuse to cross informational picket lines there, have tied up 1,000 tons of newsprint shipped by sea from Canada.

But non-union truckers delivering Canadian newsprint overland manage to bring the Herald-Examiner some 80 per cent of its normal paper needs.

At the failure of this local escalation, the unions adopted a hot pursuit policy and widened the war. Delegations were sent to San Francisco -- with results well known by now -- and to Seattle, where the 14 "informational picketers" found little warmth for their cause among Guildsmen at Hearst's Post-Intelligencer.

Executive secretary Sigmund Arywitz of the Los Angeles County Federation of Labor is leading a push for city legislation unknown here but established as a San Francisco labor relations staple for years: an anti-strikebreaker ordinance.

The San Francisco measure bars hiring during a strike of workers who have been employed by two other struck concerns within five years.

Los Angeles Mayor Samuel W. Yorty, a conservative Democrat normally well thought-of by workingmen despite his generally poor record of leadership, finds himself under unwonted public attack these days because of a bribery scandal unearthed among his appointees on the city's harbor commission.

Thus Yorty presented a prime target for Arywitz's retribution last week when the mayor refused to back the anti-strikebreaker proposal before the city council.

Dramatizing labor's case, Arywitz organized what the Los Angeles Times called "one of the largest labor demonstrations in recent history on the West Coast." Some 2,000 men, women and children, shouting and cheering, surged up the City Hall steps and hundreds crowded the corridors outside Yorty's office. Tipped off, he had left the building.

Despite the crowd's illusion of action and progress, it seemed clear that Herald-Examiner officials retained the upper hand.

PRESS BLACKOUT

Do you know what the San Francisco newspaper strike is all about? Do you understand the issues? Do you know why it may last a good while? Does it relate to Hearst's LA strike?

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LBJ on demonstrations-- Keep the heat on everywhere

Living in a country that is step by step becoming a police state is like growing old with a husband or wife. Each grey hair or falling tooth or nest of wrinkles or new prescription for glasses passes unnoticed. And one day you are both old.

Viewed from outside, America in the last year has begun to come into full blossom as an empire of terror and subversion abroad. And at home: civil war rapidly growing from its infancy; in the streets, vicious repression at all levels, federal, state and municipal; and the final symptom of the death of a civilization, Toynbee's "schism of the soul" in the body politic.

We are seeing the withdrawal of the elite who should lead, and the withdrawal of all confidence in the led.

Since the bloody repression of a peaceful demonstration against President Johnson in Los Angeles last fall, the violence of the authorities has increased uniformly all over the country, step by step, with each national demonstration against the criminal Vietnam war. Every hip newspaperman and television and radio journalist knows that the L.A. demonstration secret service men can be recognized on the T.V. tapes coaching the town clowns of Loonieville not to be more sadistic (which by nature they are, notoriously) but to be more efficient in fulfilling on the public stage the fantasies of the Marquis de Sade.

By law, secret service men are supposed to have nothing whatsoever to do with such activities.

It is widely known in America that the Great Credulity Gapper lives with a ticker tape in one hand and a telephone in the other. Johnson's badgering of local politicians directly by telephone from the White House -- to get them to change their votes and put through the Hearst - War Department freeway -- would have been a shame and a scandal if it had not been an obscene comedy.

Had some of these local politicians knuckled under, we would have had a lot more black people in the federal bench -- jobs they were offered while always being called by their first names, or -- through a slip of the tongue -- "boy."

Now of course these politicians are in the old political bind. They are unlikely to testify to what happened until that future devoutly to be hoped for Nuremberg Trial.

The same is true of Blood Thirsty Tuesday at the Oakland Induction Center two months ago. There, of course, the public display of Texas-style brutality so shocked the public

that the White House was forced to adopt a new party line and go underground with its terrorism.

All over the country, once the demonstrators were hidden away behind bars, the heat came on. New York, Chicago, Washington, Oakland -- everywhere the heat came on.

The treatment of the demonstrators arrested in Oakland and sent to Santa Rita is a deliberate move. It is the expression of a national policy, which is itself an expres-

Kenneth Rexroth

sion of the bestial paranoid personality of one man and his lackeys. It is a nationwide move to destroy the status "political prisoner."

Political prisoners aren't supposed to exist in our democratic United States anyway. Tom Mooney and Sacco and Vanzetti were "common criminals."

Among the anti-war people in Santa Rita are some of America's most famous citizens -- and they are famous for the arts and sciences, not for the works of murder. Where one person has heard of Joseph Krips, ten thousand have heard of Joan Baez, a thousand of Lawrence Ferlinghetti, and hundreds of the novelist and poet Kay Boyle.

Dr. Lee Rather is one of the outstanding scientists in the country, the head of pathology at Stanford Medical School, internationally famous for his leadership in humanizing modern medicine with his courses, lectures and books on the history and philosophy of medicine. The venal prostitutes of the kept press, who know perfectly well who he is, have always referred to him as an intern each time he has been arrested. (Each arrest has been in company with his daughter, who has now lost a semester toward her doctor's degree at Stanford.)

These are only a sample of the kind of people who have been brutalized in Santa Rita. Beautiful, sensitive people, whose contributions to society have given us what vestiges of civilization we can still claim -- and they have been treated incomparably worse than narcotic-crazed prostitutes and petty thieves who have assaulted the guards, or set fire to their bunks, or been caught with heroin.

Don't forget, the warden and the

screws are just people doing their jobs. They do not make policy. This policy comes from President Johnson himself, as is proven by the fact that it has been put into effect with this batch of demonstrators throughout the country.

The end in view is not just this demonstration or this winter of our discontent. When a declaration of war comes, the other McCarran Act goes into effect. Every dissenter -- no matter how mild, and that means you or you wouldn't be reading this paper -- will be slapped into a concentration camp within 48 hours.

These camps are all over the interior of the country, and more are being built. The sheets are on the beds, the electricity is on, the kitchens are stocked. They are waiting for you to come.

It is essential that so enormous a number of people be driven immediately into the position of criminals. If they were to be treated the way political prisoners were treated by the Czars, or as they are treated inside the Iron Curtain today, they would instantly become unmanageable and a threat to the government. As the nuclear bombs fell on China, they would disturb the peace. Can't have that.

The same situation exists in the other civil war now metastasizing like cancer through the cities of America. Every political move and every public fund designed to just ameliorate the conditions in the black ghettos has been cut -- but not the money to train the police forces, uniformed and secret, at all levels, in the arts of guerrilla civil war.

Not only that. Visit a police convention. The hucksters display civil war weaponry -- gas, electric and other gimmicks, stun guns, all sorts of crap. It's dumfounding. Especially when you consider that in practically every municipality in America, the police are forbidden by law to possess any private arms except their service revolvers.

Black militants are foolishly optimistic, they think there's too many of them. But Hitler exterminated six million Jews, and this is about the percentage of black people in the American population.

Besides this, Hitler exterminated about an equal number of non-Jewish radicals, dissidents, gypsies, Catholics and so forth.

In 1913 Germany was an incomparably more humane country and far more civilized than the U.S. is today. Unless the madmen running this country can be brought to justice, I don't think a radical or a colored man stands a Chinaman's chance.

INSIDE

BRIEFS
FROM HERE
AND
THERE

A watched pot may never boil on the stove, but San Francisco's political pot is bubbling away even without the watchful eye of the of the daily press. At least one unfortunate political contest already seems certain for June and others are only a step or two away.

The race now evidently set is a primary battle between incumbent Assemblyman Charles Meyers and fellow Democrat Leo McCarthy of the Board of Supervisors (who has quietly moved into Meyers' district). If it comes about, the contest will be unpleasant because it will undoubtedly involve the resurfacing of these charges concerning Meyers' misuse of stamps and state funds, as well as charges of his general incompetence and of personal matters involving sex.

Some observers are uncertain why McCarthy would leave the Board of Supervisors for the obscurity of the assembly, but several explanations seem plausible. First, he could use a political victory to offset his defeat by George Moscone for the state senate in 1966 and to offset his finishing third in the supervisors' race in 1967. Second, it is rumored that Jess Unruh, who has no allies among San Francisco legislators, sees Leo as possibly his man from these parts. Finally, it is well known that McCarthy's Board pay of \$800-a-month in no way compensates for the job's tremendous drain on his time to practice law. The Assembly pays considerably better and, since it doesn't meet all year long, leaves plenty of time for practicing law.

While McCarthy beats the bushes for campaign funds, Meyers pursues his tedious habit of attending every Mass, every wake and every bar mitzvah in his district.

Charlie's friends are trying to convince him to not seek re-election (and not face those unpleasant charges again), but Charlie seems bent on clearing his name by running and winning. Some think he will retire gracefully.

In the other Assembly races, John Burton and Willie Brown appear sure of re-election and may have only token opposition, either in the primaries or from the Republican Party. There is talk of major Democrats going after Assemblyman John Francis Foran, but the quiet little lawyer has started early this year to identify himself with the battle for homeowners' tax relief and may be already slamming the door on possible opponents.

There is, finally, the question of State Senator Milton Marks and who will run against him. The Burtons tried once and spent a lot of money in losing. The Democratic Party certainly needs that seat in the Senate, which is now a 20-20 Mexican standoff, but cannot find a standard bearer with a fighting chance to beat the moderate-to-liberal Republican.

The Democrat with the best chance to unseat Marks is doubtlessly Supervisor John A. Ertola. He won't run, however, because his big victory last November gives him two years as president of the Board of Supervisors and four years to decide on the next step in his political future.

Even without the major dailies, it is now well documented by television and rump weeklies such as the Berkeley Barb that Jess Unruh is betting Bobby Kennedy will run for president this year.

That's certainly an odd enough thought, but odder still is the rumor now current that Bobby will enter the race after New Orleans district attorney Jim Garrison tells all when the Clay Shaw trial begins in two months.

One important Democrat in San Francisco believes Garrison's evidence will either force President Johnson from the race or so embarrass him that his candidacy will be a sham. This local man claims privately to have seen enough of Garrison's much-promised, but little-revealed information to be convinced of the veracity of Garrison's hints about complicity in the Kennedy assassination.

If all this happens, the rumor goes, Sen. Eugene McCarthy will probably bow out of the race in favor of his little friend with the incredible hair and the multitude of clansmen.

Another interesting Johnson report, which The Guardian has confirmed with reliable Democratic sources in Washington and San Francisco, is that the President intervened behind-the-scenes in the last San Francisco mayoralty campaign. Joe Alioto was checked out by Johnson emissaries and found to be a solid pro-Johnson man; Johnson then asked Jack Shelley, ailing and losing badly in the polls, to pull out of the race to clear the way for Alioto.

Shelley did bow out and Alioto did run, but the President's intervention was only one of several factors in the decision, the Guardian was told.

Another percolating report, impossible to confirm anywhere, is that Shelley may be propped up to run against Rep. Phil Burton in the Democratic primary by conservative Democrats who would also like to dump Phil's brother, John, an assemblyman, Supervisor Jack Morrison and Assemblyman Willie Brown -- all anti-Vietnam liberals. Phil is running scared, beginning his campaign as early as ever with a fund-raising affair in early February.

KQED squelched a recent Profile Bay Area telecast because the appearance of Grover Sales, San Francisco magazine's excellent drama critic, was deemed to make the show overly critical of ACT theater and its testy general director, William Ball. Ball, as Sales points out in a current San Francisco magazine piece, goes into catatonic shock the moment he is criticized.

KQED later "redid" the show without Sales, but with two top ACT boosters, the Chronicle's Paine Knickerbocker and the Examiner's Stanley Eichelbaum, and the great man himself, Bill Ball. The moderator, Cap Weinberger, asked Ball about some of Sale's criticisms and Ball promptly went into catatonic shock on the air.

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DALY CITY



DOG & CAT BOARDING

A demonstrator behind bars

By Eugene S. Hunn

Dec. 19. The People of the State of California vs. me. I am accused of "unlawfully, willfully and maliciously disturbing the peace and quiet of the neighborhood of 1500 Block, Clay St., City of Oakland, by tumultuous and offensive conduct."

"Tumultuous and offensive" are the Court's words to describe the non-violent sit-in in front of the Oakland Induction Center on Dec. 18 and 19.

So begins my Christmas vacation, 1967.

Waiting for the sentencing has been the worst. The flow of time dries into stagnant pools. The cell walls are seasick green; I feel as if I am trapped inside an avocado.

HAIRCUT

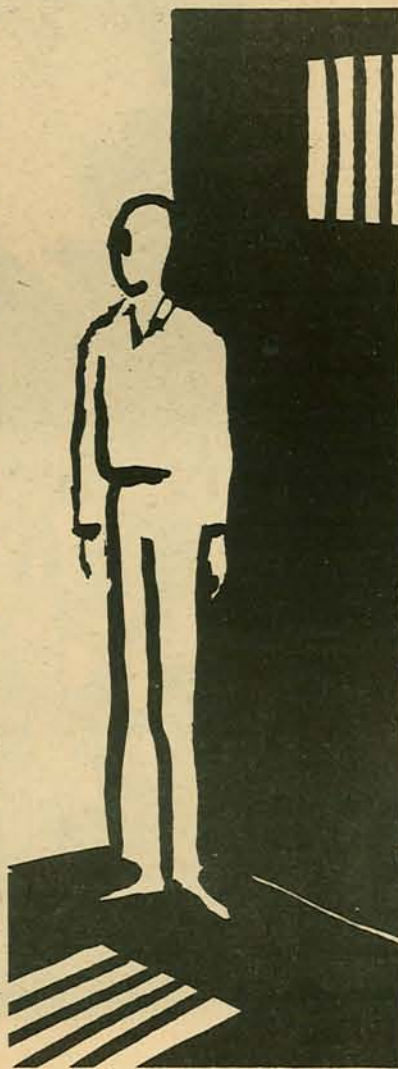
Dec. 21. Life in Santa Rita Prison Farm is fascinating. I decide to let them have my extra hair and I'm out with the regular cons in the compound. My need for correspondence outweighs the pleasure of solidarity with the sit-in people who refused haircuts.

I'll miss my isolated friends and feel a guilty twinge smoking the cigarettes I know they must do without, but on the other hand I'll learn what the Santa Rita "natives" know -- that we "free citizens" know nothing about.

One thing. I'm more humble now about my 20 days because I am surrounded by men who have spent months, years, behind wire fences and bars and whose future offers more of the same. The guards--those that aren't hostile--paternaly warn me to keep my identity a secret. "They won't know if you don't tell them. That way you won't get hurt," in a stage whisper as they lead me out into the wicked world of the convicted criminal.

However, I find no cause for fear. The company in my barracks is as threatening as the average streetcar load. I've talked with whites, blacks and "chicanos," and they are mildly interested in me and my protest, and generally sympathetic. I feel a common bond with these men--winos, dealers, thieves, bookies, etc.--society's tailors have no suits to fit us.

I've been assigned to Barracks 2B, which looks just like Barracks 2A, 2C, 3E, and so on. In fact, Santa Rita used to be a Navy base complete with brig--now known as Greystone, though that looks more like a warehouse than a stockade. Inside, I am told, it more closely



—George Gardiner

resembles a medieval asylum.

But the shouting and pounding in the "hole" can't be heard on Santa Rita's mainstreet. Here clumps of inmates in baggy blue denim stroll and banter before the evening recall siren. These sirens and the following head counts punctuate our sentence: work, meals, sleep, work, meals, sleep.

Jail is tough for those whose energy is directed outwards toward life. No hills to climb for that dominating vantage point, no private silent spot for relief from talk, deadly separation from the people with roots in you.

For some cats, though, this isolation must be a relief from a tide of debts and promises, a temporary escape from the web of relationships to boss, dealer, friend, foe, wife, lover, wife's lover, government. Here it's just get by day to day. This place is supposed to rehabilitate, but all the inmates know that it only isolates, and after awhile leaves the prisoner totally unable to deal with the cold world outside. I think probation officers and judges should be required to spend at least a week locked up incognito. It would humanize their judgments.

Christmas Day. It's hard to relate life here to that other life I left suspended out there. Here it's a self-contained world occasionally penetrated by a letter or a Sunday half-hour visit from friends becoming strangers.

Outside on the street, dealers exchanged heroin for cold cash, retailed stolen phonographs and shavers in darkened bedrooms. Here they carry on trading cookies stolen from the officer's mess for packs of cigarettes. The same

five nonchalance, the same elaborate rituals of secrecy.

I'm learning a lot from the cats here. One named Steve (sentenced to a year, but it's not too polite to ask why) has a good critical mind and knows all about the operation of the place. He rapped with Mario Savio, who did four months earlier this year; he has watched the previous groups of demonstrators come and go.

We talk about how Santa Rita is a sort of Utopia where every "citizen's" physical needs are guaranteed. Or on the other hand, how the outside is but a larger prison where everyone serves a life sentence.

In here the good and the bad in people stand out more clearly. Everyone's done up in the same shapeless clothes, everyone has the same schedule. So personal differences are more striking with the artificial distinctions of dress, fashion, style of life erased.

Try to get a copy of the Dec. 25 Oakland Tribune. There's an article about how we war protesters refused "to bathe, work or have haircuts." Keep it as evidence. It is a lie. Only the part about haircuts is true.

Dec. 28. I'm over the hump: eight days to go, 24 more meals. Working in the laundry helps pass the time.

By 3 p.m. I can stretch out on my bunk and escape to Tolstoy's world. "Anna Karenina" is an epic but extremely simple. It shows me that social progress is a delusion. Ancient Greece had its Agamemnons, we have our Johnsons. Tolstoy saw his share of pompous officials, unhappy, unfaithful wives, sensitive romantics. So why should we hope for better? His story ends with fools marching off to the battlefield in search of themselves.

Jan. 3. Fifty-five hours more. You know the time is short when you can count the hours. I will retire undefeated in chess.

The last few days I've met some fine people in here. Yesterday I encountered a toothless sprite in the shaving room. He chatted on in French, German, Italian, Spanish, proud of his third grade education. I couldn't judge his accuracy, but I'm sure he could have sold a poor man a Cadillac in all five languages.

I also met a "chicano" named Jerry. He has spent nine of his 19 years locked up. If your family had been like his, ten to one you'd be locked up too. He'd played all the convict games, the race games, power games, etc., but now sees through them all. He's digging deep into psychology and existentialism, helped along by passing strangers.

Jerry's excited about Seven Steps, an ex-con organization, a human salvage crew. The Seven Steps finds jobs for releasees and counsels the con in his own hip tongue. This is encouraging.

I've hardly touched on the cast of the Santa Rita tragi-comedy. I keep my eye on Mount Diablo and its free peak and watch the gulls soar.

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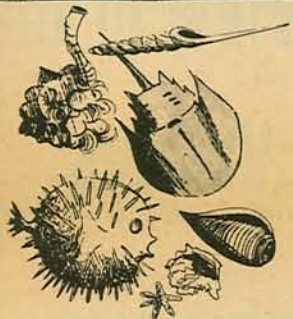
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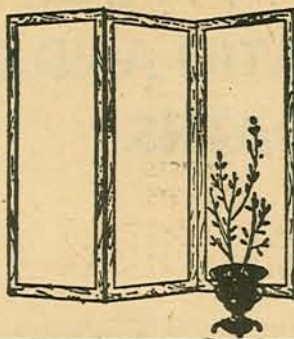
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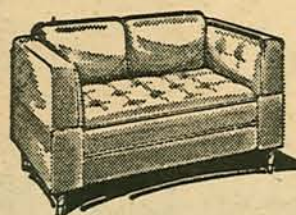


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They're already talking about the White House

By John Burks

Mayor Joseph L. Alioto was inaugurated on Jan. 9 amid pomp and splendor, majesty and ceremony unrivalled—according to at least one TV commentator—by any other American city during the past 50 years.

Inaugural Day began, like most days, in the morning. The inaugural Mass was held at St. Peter & Paul's church in North Beach, an ecumenical affair which attracted Catholics, non-Catholics, Irishmen, Italians, political functionaries and uniformed cops alike.

In a sort of off-the-cuff sermon, Fr. Joseph Costanzo addressed Alioto in an Italian-spiced accent as "Dear Joe," said he hoped The Mayor would do as well for The City as he's done for The Church.

"If," the old priest told the Mayor, "you keep going at the speed you're going now, Dear Joe, you're going to wind up in prison -- a prison called the White House."

Alioto laughed heartily, but who knows? If he can produce on one-third of the promises he's made, it will, by default, make him one of the nation's leading mayors. And that's a nice position to be in, if you've any taste for national politics.

The Opera House was packed. Drum corps drummed. Filipino kids danced. Cops marched about with the flags of State and Nation. (Earlier, in a somewhat different context, the Knights of Columbus had brandished their swords.)

Churchmen representing more acceptable creeds--Christian and Jewish--asked the Lord to make his various faces to shine upon this Fair City and her son, the new Mayor, that he might better serve the people and his God, Amen.

Outgoing Mayor John F. Shelley, tall and tired, said he felt pretty good because he knew Joe Alioto was going to follow through on all the terrific programs that had started during the Shelley administration. Former Mayor Elmer E. Robinson, fat and spry, said he felt pretty good because he knew Joe Alioto was going to follow through on all the terrific programs that had started during the Robinson administration.

Alioto's speech itself was long on inspiration, short on specifics. He quoted an assortment of poets to make the time-honored point that we've all got to pitch in and work together.

The fabric of The City is like a seamless carpet: if one thread is torn, the whole thing is screwed up. The Common Good. "Injustice," intoned Alioto, "for any one of us must inevitably result in injustice for all of us." So we'd all have to see that didn't happen.

Thunderous applause. "America the Beautiful" followed, rendered by the amassed 100 or 79 or so kids of the Youth of America Orchestra and Chorus. The music surged and swelled and boomed. One half expected screen credits to appear... "RKO Proudly Presents..."

Then the action, so to speak, shifted to the Rotunda at City Hall, where you could step right up and shake hands with His Honor and The First Lady. There was more singing, not to mention free coffee.

"You get my letter, Joe?" inquired one well-wisher. "You read my letter? Whaddya thinka my idea?"

"I was impressed," Joe said, beaming. "We're going to follow up on that."

A cold, wet fog had descended on The City. The Inaugural Day caravan of Cadillacs sliced through it to Golden Gate Park for a rendezvous-reception with the middle class, then to the Mission District for una fiesta con mariachis, and finally out to Hunter's Point, where he told the black community -- as he's told them before--that he is deeply concerned about their problems, and plans to do everything he can to solve them.

The Alioto Administration has begun with a string of promises.

"I don't know, man," said a young cab driver at Hunter's Point. "He talks good but can he do it? Doing and talking is different. All this handshaking don't mean nothing if he don't do nothing." Alioto's term lasts four years.

HE'S MARCIANO IN A ROLLS ROYCE

By our correspondent



There's a new tone around City Hall these days and, if it must be characterized in a word, that word would be t-o-u-g-h: tough.

Our new honorable new mayor is hard as nails, his observers have discovered early in the game. He is Tony Galento in \$300 suits, Rocky Marciano in a Rolls Royce, Vince Lombardi in the mayor's suite.

Example No. 1: No sooner had the yard-long nightsticks and the Mace pistols been returned to the police lockers after a good night's workout at the Fairmont, than Joe Alioto was backing up the police chief and labeling the Vietnam demonstrators "neo-fascists" and "storm troopers." He would be cool, he said, to anyone with the effrontery to mutter police brutality.

Example No. 2: the press, always given easy access to the mayor's office, must now go through a platoon of secretaries just like everybody else.

It is impossible to say how Alioto settled the symphony strike in five days when Shelley couldn't do it in five weeks, but an educated guess would be that the new mayor sat both sides down and told them they weren't leaving his home until they had reached a settlement. They did, at 4:30 a.m. It is a common tactic of negotiators (and interrogators) to wear down the antagonists until they will agree to anything in order to get some sleep.

All this toughness will wear well only so long as he is successful. Imagine Vince Lombardi using his dictatorial tactics on a losing dispirited football team. Tough guys win well, but look terrible when they lose.

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HERB CAEN



After only a comparatively few days of what threatens to be a long newspaper strike, San Francisco already looks and sounds different. With papers hard to come by, the streets are cleaner than they have ever been within my memory; I never would have guessed that so much of that wind-tossed debris was just plain old newsprint.

And with advertisers looking for new outlets, we are being treated to the unaccustomed sound of rock'n'roll disc jockeys plugging January White Sales and startling specials in "lingerie," a word these customarily brash young men approach with marked shyness. Most of them seem to think it is spelled "lahnzherAY."

The other newish sound in the air is being provided by temporarily unemployed newsmen - from superstar columnists to just plain reporters - making a buck or two by appearing on radio and television stations.

It is axiomatic in the world of electronic news that "print men," as we are known by them, are incapable of reading words aloud, even their own. The axiom has been proved largely true, with the possible exception of KQED's nightly "Newspaper of the Air," a program so effective that one disgruntled Guildsman has been heard to say that "Those guys are cutting their own throat - if they get any better they'll make newspapers unnecessary."

Marshall McLuhan notwithstanding,

the last part of that statement is false (sorry, you Little Old Ladies who prefer clean streets to a daily local newspaper). Oakland Tribunes are being scalped on Market St. for 25 cents each, and the price could go to double that any day.

Print-hungry people line up at the downtown newsstands each morning for Los Angeles and New York Timeses. A neighbor of mine has even subscribed to the San Jose Mercury "because I can't get through breakfast without a paper, however bad."

Lawyer William K. Coblentz, a UC Regent, is taking The Sacramento Bee. What people seem to miss most: stock market quotations, horse race results.

A morning-print-oriented man myself, I've been reading my corn flake box - all four sides - but I wish Mr. Kellogg would hurry up with a new edition. In desperation, I finally picked up the Shopping News, which I ordinarily toss into the gutter while cursing it for cluttering up my Victorian steps.

I was amazed at how much news it contained (the news off the radio and telly just doesn't seem to stick to the ribs). Anyway, I now subscribe to the Sunday New York Times, which a new outfit in Sausalito delivers to your door each Sunday before 10 a.m. This produces enough newsprint to light my fire until the following Sunday.

(One of the most plaintive results of the strike was a phone call

from a neighbor lady who has trained her dog to fetch The Chronicle each morning and bring it up to her bed. The dog is terribly frustrated. Being a small one, it will feel worse when it discovers it can't even lift the Sunday New York Times).

FROM CHECK TO CHECK

I don't mean to sound light-hearted about the strike, for it is working great hardships on the newspaper people - who, like almost everybody else, live from paycheck to paycheck. An assistant society editor and an assistant fashion editor are working as hostesses at the hungry i.

Others are working part-time at the City Hall, checking signatures on initiatives. With no classified ads being published, it's hard to find even part-time jobs (Arthur Hoppe and I are doing a daily "show" on KGO radio that consists mainly of self-conscious giggles, and Terrance O'Flaherty is reviewing television programs on a television station, which seems vaguely incestuous).

Not that there hasn't been outside help. Multimillionaire Louis Lurie showed up at Newspaper Guild headquarters in his chauffeured limousine to deliver 25 pounds of coffee (25 pounds of

DRUM-BEARING hippie with flowing locks was among the well-wishers dropping by the newspaper strike headquarters on Natoma street. What, he was politely asked, did he want? "Freedom," he gently replied.

money would have been even better). A group of erstwhile newsmen known as "The Scroungers" - and including The Examiner's society editor - has been hitting the restaurants for handouts of food.

Huffed the owner of an elegant French restaurant, after handing over some meat and pastry: "I don't know why I'm doing this - all of my customers come from the management side."

A strike, it struck me early in the going, is something like an old-fashioned war. It begins with high spirits, high morale and a lot of good and bad jokes, leavened with a slight feeling of disbelief: is this thing really happening? Under sunny skies, the troops march off to combat with Spring blossoms sticking out of their rifle barrels, and pretty girls running alongside, blowing kisses. And we'll all be back "when it's over, Over There."

But it doesn't take long before the reality and the attrition set in, and icy realization dawns that a strike, also like a war, soon achieves a life of its own. (It is also uncomfortably apparent that

there are people who actually enjoy a strike, as some enjoy war; these are the people who suddenly find themselves in positions of power - a power they never had in the ordinary course of events).

The incurable optimists who thought the strike would end after the first weekend - again, shades of 1914! - are now conceding it could last a month. The pessimists are predicting a three-month strike, and what if THEY turn out to be optimistic?

At this moment, I can think of only one minor plus: almost everybody in San Francisco - including many a previously befuddled reporter - now knows what a Mailer does in a newspaper plant. Too bad it took a strike to demonstrate just how important they really are.

The grudging strikers

-continued from page 1

wrong side of them.

Beyond all that, a real force that operates within the rank-and-file is what may be called "the coercion of friendship." To an extent, this coercion keeps the minority silent.

All 12 unions are in the AFL-CIO, and subject to the AFL-CIO's highest echelon. This is pertinent.

If a man is revolted by the war in Vietnam, if he is obsessed by its evil, then he is revolted when George Meany, his "labor boss," engages in public embrace with President Johnson at the AFL-CIO convention in Miami.

If a man is revolted by the war in Vietnam, then he is revolted when an East Coast longshore chief stands up at that same convention and gets an ovation for his proud boast that his boys keep their muscles in tune by beating up peace demonstrators.

He is revolted when he realizes, as he must, that these events reflect the AFL-CIO's official sanction of American policy in Vietnam. His revulsion cannot help but shape his attitude toward the strike.

And if he has been a peace demonstrator himself, it is very hard to call George Meany his "brother." He feels much closer to the guy who got beaten up.

As for the Black Revolution, it is a fact that many unions, by their reluctance to take in Negroes, have helped to bring it on. Blame for the violence of the revolution must be shared by everyone in the American social community - white, black, labor, capitalist, educational.

It is a sickness. It would be less

of a sickness if trade unionism had been farsighted enough to encourage Negro membership.

The current strike is illustrative. Guildsmen are aware that their own union and others in the newspaper business contain few Negroes. But the absence of Negroes on picket lines (except for one here and there) makes it conspicuous.

The Mailers Union itself is lily-white in San Francisco.

Finally, and of less importance, there is the question of timing. In terms of bargaining strength, January and February are the worst months for a newspaper strike, because they are months of dwindling revenue. The newspapers have strike insurance, presumably: they are quite willing to sit on their hands during this slack period in consumer advertising.

The Mailers Union worked without a contract for ten months, while they sought higher wages and an adequate answer to the threat of automation. Should the mailers have waited two or three more months, and then struck? Their chances of a quick decision would have been better.

These are the factors--labor's political conservatism, and the timing of the strike--that create doubts.

From the Guild's view, the most sensible argument in favor of strike support is the pragmatic one: if the Guild doesn't back the mailers now, perhaps the mailers won't back the Guild when its officers negotiate with management on a new contract.

But the proof of that argument lies in the future.

By our correspondent

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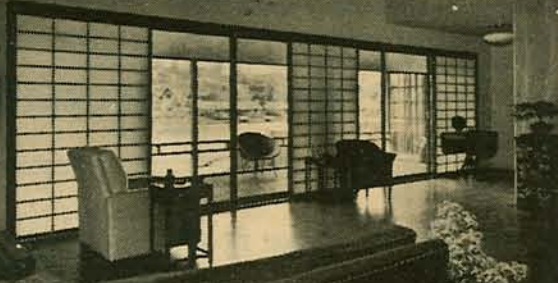
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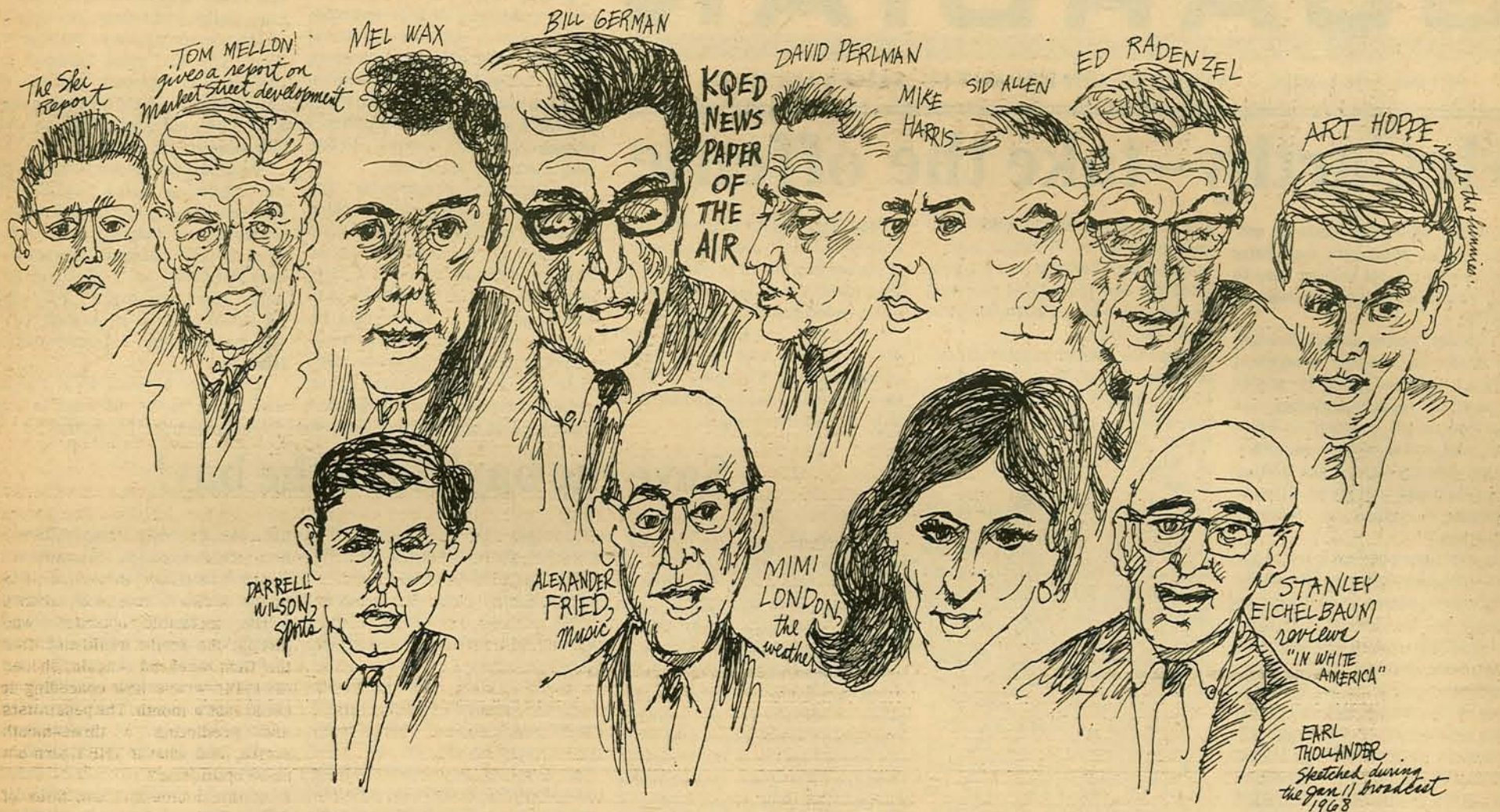
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TV NEWS

--a miserable failure

By John Burks

I have been commissioned to write something about what the TV stations are doing to fill the gap during the newspaper strike. It won't take long.

The commercial TVs--excluding KQED--are doing next to nothing.

KPIX is reading the Vital Statistics (who died, who was born) at 6 a.m. when they sign on and 2 a.m. (or however late the Late Movie goes) when they sign off. Wow! There's a service for you.

All the TVs have larded out their news coverage a little. Five minutes here, half an hour there--always where it won't interfere with prime time big-money programming.

KPIX, which normally carries the most news anyway--and does the best job, has stepped up its coverage most. Still, you get a lot more news on KPIX's sister radio station, KCBS.

But what did we expect? TV news is no substitute for newspapers and never will be, even if the TVs broadcast nothing but news around the clock. It doesn't have any funnies, it doesn't have Herb Caen, it doesn't have the Want Ads, it doesn't have racing results, it doesn't have Dear Abby or Dr. Miller (my wife's favorite columnist) or Prescott Sullivan, and it hasn't got TV listings.

The most important ingredient TV news ain't got is The Facts. TV is pictures. It hasn't got time to go beyond what would be the first few paragraphs in the paper. Not with many stories, anyhow. They've got to keep it moving. "We try to put on a good show," a friend of mine who writes and produces TV news has told me. "It's headlines and a lot of pretty pictures."

Tiny KQED, with a stable of talented Chron reporters, is a dazzling exception

KRON started doing an hour and a half of news every morning, from 6:30 to 8, this week. It began after deadline for this story, so I can't comment on it. Ed Hart was to read the news and Channel 4 said it would have writers on duty to keep the news up-to-the-moment.

This sounds like the most promising thing the commercial TVs have attempted during the strike. If nothing else, the timing is right. Most San Franciscans, as the Examiner is discovering, want their news in the morning.

KQED is putting the commercial channels to shame with its "Newspaper of the Air." Using some of the best talent off the Chron and the Ex--predominantly the Chron, where most of the talent is --KQED's "newspaper" is an hour-long report on what would be in tomorrow's paper if there were going to be a paper tomorrow.

With businesslike Mel Wax as editor, wry Bill German for managing editor, and incisive Dave Perlman at the city editor seat (all of them Chronicle men, Wax an alumnus), KQED has a team of pros for anchor men unmatched in Bay Area TV.

The KQED Newspaper has byliners Bill Chapin and Michael Harris on a daily basis as reporters, columnist Art Hoppe reading the funnies, the Chron's fine cartoonist Bob Bastian, and, on an occasional basis, a whole

flock of familiar San Francisco newspaper names (like Herb Caen, Ralph J. Gleason, Sid Kossen, George Duschek, Alfred Frankenstein, Dwight Newton, George Draper, Bud Boyd and others).

KQED pays the regulars \$100 a week, the others \$20 per appearance. They more than earn it.

Under the prodding of City Editor Perlman (the Chron's science writer), KQED's erstwhile reporters get into the guts of the news. Unlike the professional TV newsmen, they do not attempt to be personality kids. They talk about the news, in full and in depth, because they assume that's what people want to hear.

Despite themselves, the newspapermen make for good viewing. There was Ralph Gleason, concerned that the strike might "have a crippling effect on the nightclub business," talking from behind an enormous mustache which all but obscures his mouth. There was Ralph Craib, commenting with conviction on the violent anti-Vietnam, anti-Rusk demonstrations at the Fairmont Hotel last week:

"There was no glory last night for some of the police--and no glory for the peace movement."

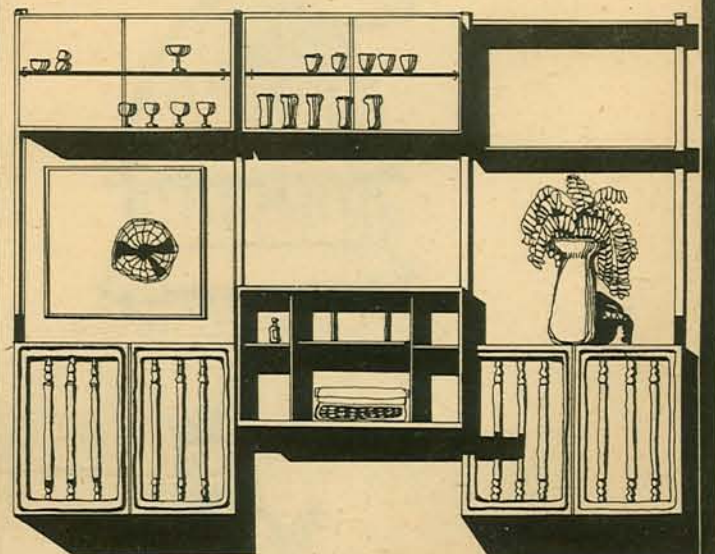
While the program is on the air, cartoonist Bastian sits at his drawing board dashing off his visual commentaries on the news of the day. At the end of the show, he discusses each one with Managing Editor German, who selects what would be tomorrow's editorial cartoon.

German then sits down at his own drawing board and sketches out the makeup for tomorrow's Page One, if there were going to be one. For people who know little about how newspapers are put together, this is immensely educational.

Newspaper of the Air is shown on KQED from 7:30-8:30 p.m. seven days a week, with repeats at noon on weekdays. You can't fold up it and stuff it in your hip pocket or set it aside to read later, but until the strike ends, it's the best game in town.



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McCarthy--take the offense

Let the unpleasant truth be out: Sen. Eugene McCarthy isn't doing well enough in his gallant race to stop President Johnson's re-nomination.

He hasn't gotten enough fire into his logic, he's hired a political hack as a press agent, he limits himself to vague misgivings and expressions of concern on Vietnam, and, worst of all he and other major Johnson critics are making a bad strategic mistake by allowing Johnson to retain the political offensive.

In his December address to the AFL-CIO Convention in Miami, the President revealed the tactic he intends to use against McCarthy and company. Assuming his most pious, hang-dog look, Johnson protested he was doing all he could think of to end the war and called upon detractors to come up with "concrete proposals" to bring peace. It's all very well for doves and hawks to snipe, he said, but they had an "obligation" to accompany criticism with "constructive" programs to end the war honorably.

This tactic is old and effective, for whatever proposals his critics do make in response to his goading will be immediately torn to shreds on grounds they do not fit the facts of the situation. To propose a military solution, as did Gen. Gavin with his "enclave theory," will be to undergo heavy

artillery fire from the Joint Chiefs and generals in Vietnam: such a solution isn't feasible, has been tried (or considered and rejected) or comes too late. Diplomatic solutions, the same.

Since the American public firmly believes its officials have access to information unavailable to people outside government, it has no choice but to accept evaluations of administration men "on the scene."

McCarthy can recommend peace alternatives (there are many, starting with the United Nations and going to unilateral suspension of bombing), but he must make it clear to the American electorate that, until he is president, he has no obligation to rescue Johnson from his sorry military adventure. The "obligation" is Johnson's.

He is the president and commander-in-chief. He is the man with the up to date information. He is the only person who can initiate negotiations, de-escalate, stop the bombing.

Novelist Mary McCarthy has made the same point: she reminds us that, when the French intellectuals of the Committee of 121 insisted that France get out of Algeria, they did not furnish De Gaulle with a detailed program of how to do it.

DeGaulle used his power and influence to get France out of Algeria. We should expect nothing less of our President.

McCarthy must reframe his candidacy and his major issue so that it becomes a recall election of the President and his undeclared, open-ended land war in Asia.

The point is: If Johnson can't get us out, or well on the way to getting out of Vietnam by June, then he should not be renominated. It is almost that simple.

In its first issue in October, 1966, The Bay Guardian laid out the story of how the Leslie Salt Co., abetted by the State Lands Commission, was quietly putting together what could be the Teapot Dome of San Francisco Bay.

The story concerned the complicated "exchange" of valuable slough land titles between the state and Leslie, the South Bay's biggest landholder. It shook down to this: Leslie gets title to 458 acres of choice slough land that will facilitate its development plans along the tidelands arc of three South Bay counties.

The state gets 1,551 acres of large sloughs which it has always owned and which, under no conceivable circumstance today, could anybody fill or dike off. More: Leslie gets title to its portion because the sloughs, once navigable and in the public trust, were made non-navigable by Leslie's filling

An ominous Alioto

If ever there were an ominous event in this city of light and leading, it was at the Fairmont Hotel the other night when San Francisco police plowed into anti-Vietnam demonstrators and put them, without much more provocation than a balloon filled with ketchup, to the club and to the Mace can.

A Guardian photographer was standing on a three foot parking lot wall, near the Fairmont, when a policeman rammed him in the kidneys with his three-foot night stick and knocked him off the wall. Later, he saw a youth caught by several policemen who was handcuffed, thrown on the ground face down and, under dim street lights, smashed repeatedly in the kidneys before being dragged face down to

the paddy wagon. From the beginning, police used mace, not only at fleeing demonstrators, but also on those who had been knocked or thrown to the ground. Reports of unnecessary police ferocity came from many unimpeachable sources who were on the scene.

Much more ominous, however, is the lightning quick reaction of our new mayor: he backed up the police before they got their clubs back in their holsters, labeled the demonstrators as "neo-fascists" and "storm troopers" and said he would be cool to anybody who had the temerity to mutter police brutality.

Yes, sir. It looks as if things are going to be different in San Francisco under Joe Alioto.

Save the bay! Save the bay!

or diking. Even to those who hope the bay goes the way of Foster City, Strawberry Point and Bay Farm Island, this isn't much of a swap for the public: to reward Leslie with land titles for filling the bay.

These slough lands are immensely valuable, even if they are under salt ponds, because of Leslie's plans to develop its South Bay holdings and because of the firm's arrogant refusal to provide more than a few crumbs of park and open space in its first housing development, Redwood Shores, in Redwood City. If the sloughs are valuable to Leslie, they are many more times more valuable to the public.

This is, as we said then, your land that we are talking about.

Nobody screamed bloody murder: not the state comptroller, as a member of the State Lands Commission. Not the lieutenant governor, as a commission mem-

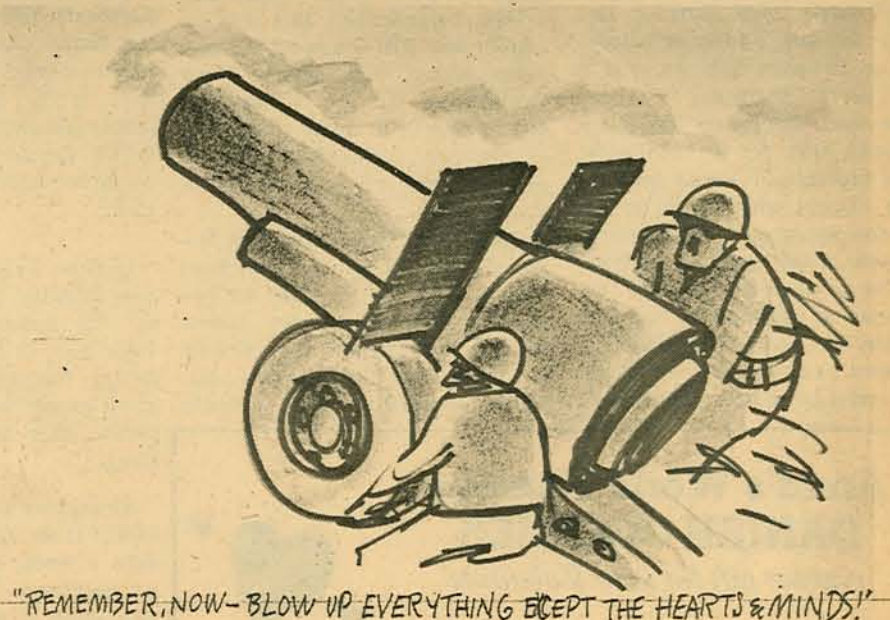
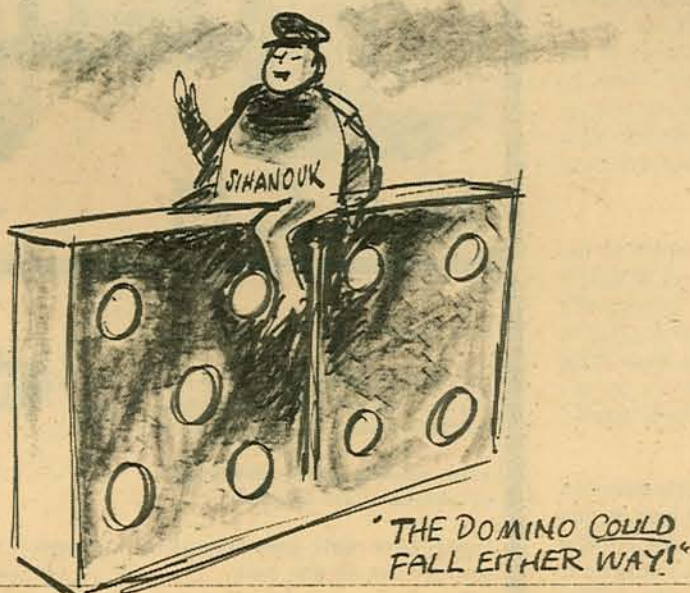
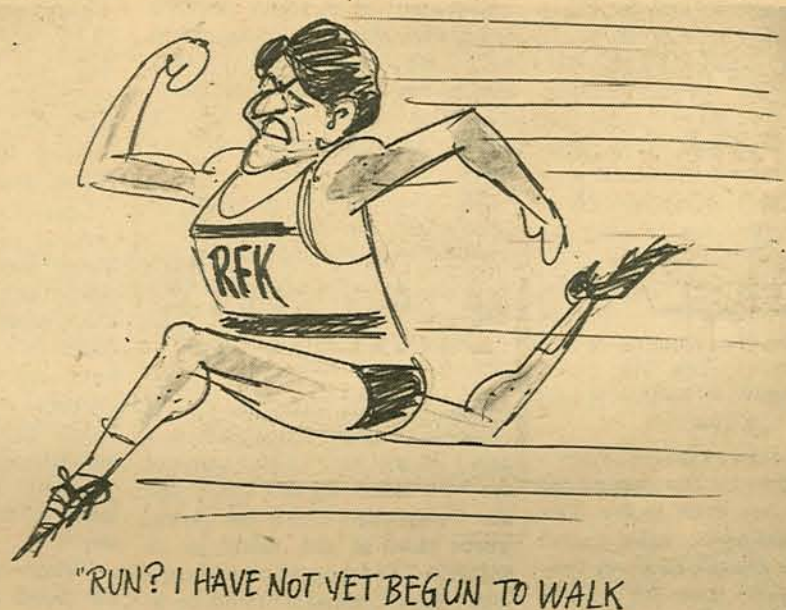
ber. Not the State Finance Director, as a commission member. Not the district attorney of Alameda, Santa Clara or San Mateo County, as the law officer charged with protecting "waste or un-granted lands of the state." Not the Bay Conservation and Development Commission, as the state agency charged with conservation of the bay. Not the city council of Redwood City, where Leslie filled portions of a sailing slough almost within sight of city hall. Not even the timorous Save the Bay Association.

And now, after a round of staged hearings in the South Bay, the State Lands Commission is ready to close the deal with Leslie and turn over the sloughs forever. We repeat:

"Isn't there anybody who will scream bloody murder and try to keep this land in the public domain where it belongs?"

Cartoons of the Air by the Chronicle's Bastian

--as drawn for KQED



After the merger

—continued from page 2

The most basic of the other issues in dispute:

WAGES -- The mailers, now paid \$144 for a five-day, 35-hour work week plus \$1 for any night shift, want \$22 a week more in a two-year contract, plus \$2.16 per night shift. The company wants to give them \$17 more in a three-year contract plus \$1.20 for night work.

HOURS -- The company wants to extend the late night shift by a half-hour with no pay increase, and to remove the contract provision that a man work at least three hours before he is sent to lunch. It also wants to cut the number of hours of rest required between shifts to a flat eight hours. (Mailers now get at least 12 hours on weekdays, nine on Fridays and eight on Saturdays, and are paid at overtime rates if they get less.)

FRINGE BENEFITS -- The Union, whose members now get four weeks of paid vacation after 12 years experience, asked for four weeks after a year's experience, the same as granted regular ITU members at the papers. The company offered four weeks after seven years.

There are about 40 issues in all, including a demand by the company

that the mailers be allowed to honor only the picket lines of the Typographical Union. Obviously, this would keep the mailers from giving other newspaper unions the support the mailers now are getting, and the unions see it as part of a move to destroy their unity.

Whatever the specific issues, the fight clearly boils down to this: A struggle by publishers to reap the greatest return from the merger that ended real newspaper competition in San Francisco and paved the way for new and bigger profits. From their viewpoint, the merger will be a success only if their plans are realized; the merger was meant to institute certain cost-cutting, union-weakening operations.

The unions are fighting, of course. They will not stand by while the publishers take unilateral actions that will weaken them and minimize the share of their hardly affluent members in the new money.

The stakes are large. How large is known only to those who have seen the publishers' well-guarded financial records. Clearly, they are large enough for the publishers to take a strike; and large enough for 2,900 men and women to leave their jobs and, except for a favored

few reporters and columnists who can turn to radio and television, attempt to live on strike benefits of no more than \$100 a week, for those who get them at all.

Their strike had to come, and it was a dispute at Hearst's Los Angeles Herald-Examiner that finally kicked it off. Mailers had warned it might come on January 5 and, when Newspaper Guild pickets from Los Angeles appeared at the Chronicle building that day, the decision was made.

The mailers and other local newspaper unions decided to honor the Los Angeles Guild's picket lines. They were "informational" -- to advertise that Hearst had replaced union workers in Los Angeles with non-union strike-breakers and was publishing a paper even though all regular employees had walked off the job in response to a Guild strike.

But, though "informational" picket lines cannot legally be honored by unions, they can be honored by union members, as an act of individual conscience. San Francisco newspaper union members did just this, clearly in line with the informal wishes of their officers, and most certainly in line with the wishes of "informational" pickets who stood at entrances all day, roughly threatening anyone who tried to enter the newspaper buildings.

That evening, the inevitable happened. Local newspaper unions knew the out-of-town pickets would be gone soon and, rather than send everyone back to work and then call them out later, they moved immediately. They replaced the Los Angeles pickets with pickets from the San Francisco Mailers Union -- pickets who would keep all union members out of the building legally.

The other unions joined the picket lines and began a hectic rush to set up joint operations on the ground floor of the Newspaper Guild's building behind The Chronicle at 433 Natoma St. A commissary was set up, a publicity operation launched, 2 pickets from 12 unions moved in and out, around-the-clock.

The unions, if they are to win, must have two things: tight unity and support from a public that never has had much reason to love the publishers of its daily papers.

DIVIDE, CONQUER

Thus, the publishers are attempting to split the unions, and to appeal to a public that, whether it loves them or not, is interested primarily in getting its papers back, whatever the alleged harm to those who put out the papers.

Outwardly, the unions seem to be accomplishing their purpose. Even union officers privately concede surprise at the cooperation among unions, especially among members of often hostile blue-collar craft unions and white-collar Guild members.

Too, food and money is flowing into strike headquarters regularly from outside sources -- hot dogs from the Doggie Diner, desserts from the Blue Fox, coffee from arch capitalist Lou Lurie who thought it worthwhile to bring in his first donation personally and pose for news photographers.

But the publishers are banking on time. As the strike goes on, the strikers' enthusiasm will lessen; it always does. For now, anyway, the publishers are trying to wear down their employees and push the public's patience to the trying point.

They have refused to negotiate with the mailers for almost a week now. Meanwhile, they chip away at the unity, suggesting repeatedly to interviewers that none of the unions but the mailers has any grievance with them, and playing

—continued on page 15

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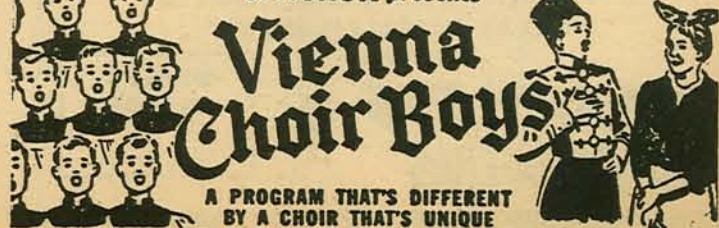
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Interplayers Threepenny Opera lacks sharp focus

By Douglas Giebel

"The Threepenny Opera"
(The Interplayers, S.F.)
"The Blossom"
(Straight Theater, S.F.)
"Candaules, Commissioner"
(Stanford Repertory Theater)

If you have never seen Brecht's "The Threepenny Opera," then by all means visit the latest Interplayers version of this modern classic. I recommend the play despite David Lindeman's fitfully imaginative and long-winded direction.

Jeff Clark, reviewer for the S. F. State Gater, believes Lindeman's direction can "occasionally approach genius as it has this time," but I find more often it needs a Maxwell Perkins. Much of Lindeman's work runs far too long, belabors the obvious and displays an alarming absence of pace.

In addition, he has chosen in this production to include projections and a lengthy chase film which tend to break the flow of the drama without adding significantly to the author's purpose.

Perhaps it is time for directors to question the value of film and projection in live theatre, since such ideas are hardly new and usually interrupt the play rather than enhance its action.

We now wait for the tiresome cuteness of that obligatory moment when (usually at the mention of War) the face of Lyndon Johnson (smiling or shouting) is flashed on the screen. It happens in this "Threepenny Opera" (as it has in other productions) and seems out of place, an insult to an intelligent audience.

Even more, I am put off by audience intimidation, a Lindeman specialty, so I was not captivated by this latest exercise in pseudo-Brecht. Actors who poke about in the aisles jabbing fingers and threats at the customers in half-embarrassed anger do not involve me in the event on stage, and hopefully we will soon outgrow this period of theatrical adolescence.

On the more positive side, the cast is strong and sings with spirit. I enjoyed Catherine Coulson's Polly, Eugene Stillman as Peachum, V. Phipps-Wilson as his wife and Carrie Rose as Lucy. Helen Snyder is good as Jenny Diver, if not quite unsettling enough.

The commendable job of costuming is by Doyle Richmon, though his performance as the Street-singer lacks bite. And Bruce O. Bishop works hard but is deliberately miscast in the crucial role of Mack the Knife.

"The Threepenny Opera" is an ideal vehicle for the Interplayers, but in its present form cries for severe editing and sharper focus. Possibly it was intended as a travesty on Brecht and Weill, who are given little illumination during the course of the evening.

If that is the case, then there is good reason why the sketch of Brecht, flashed on the screen at one point, bears a remarkable likeness to Gertrude Stein.

EMPTY WORDS

Projections dominated the recent Straight Theater premiere of Michael McClure's "The Blossom," undoubtedly the most boring play I ever sat through. The films were imaginative, the actors had real talent, but the words spoken were as empty as the author's characterizations, especially when dealing sexually with the "naming of parts."

Sharing the bill was "The Philosopher's Stone," an entertaining

DRAFT BOARDS --a Guardian probe

The San Francisco Human Rights Commission unanimously approved this resolution on Jan. 11 as the result of The Guardian's investigation into local draft board inequities (full story, Dec. 19 issue). It was sent to Gov. Reagan, Mayor Joseph Alioto and the San Francisco Board of Supervisors. See additional story, page 3.

Charles Peery, new presiding judge of the San Francisco Superior Court and the man who will nominate new draft board members to President Johnson, was asked by The Guardian to comment on the resolution. Said he: "It's not proper for the court to comment on a resolution."

"Whereas the selective service system exercises great influence upon the present and future of the young men of San Francisco;

Whereas the number of the local selective service boards exercise the power of selection, rejection and deferment of the young men of San Francisco for military service and thereby determine the course of their lives; and

Whereas a recent study of the draft boards reported in The Bay Guardian asserts that several of the local selective service boards are not composed of residents of the district in which they function nor of the ethnic composition thereof; and

Whereas as this study further may indicate the fact that several members of selective service boards of San Francisco are not residents of the county and others are over the age of seventy-five would seem to be in violation of Selective Service Regulations; and

Whereas the continuation of such reported composition of selective service boards could be interpreted as the practice of discrimination on the grounds of race, religion, color, ancestry or place of birth;

NOW THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that the Human Rights Commission of San Francisco calls upon the Governor of the State of California and the presiding judge of the Superior Court of San Francisco to review the composition of the several selective service boards of the City and County of San Francisco with a view to making them comply with the requirements of the regulations and to making them representative of the districts in which they function."

put-on credited to Artaud. The Straight Theater has marvelous possibilities and skilled technicians. When will they do something worthwhile?

SHARP LANGUAGE

In a noble experiment of another kind, the bigtime Theater Guild took a genuine risk in presenting Harold Pinter's prizewinning play "The Homecoming." The cast of British and American actors was highly competent and the play is magnificent, bristling with sharp language.

Contrary to the opinions of those socially prominent first-nighters who walked out, "The Homecoming" is not obscure theater of the absurd, and it may be no more elusive than "Charley's Aunt," Pinter's best work, it has intelligence, wit and honest theatricality. If you missed "The Homecoming," you may have missed the San Francisco theater event of 1968.

The Theater Guild will present Frank Marcus' "The Killing of Sister George" later this year, and "Wait a Minim," the youthful and joyous musical revue from South Africa opens on Feb. 5th at the Curran. For once, this group is worth supporting.

CURRENT AND COMING

A.C.T.: "In White America." Jan. 7, 9, 10, 20, 28. (673-6440).

STANFORD REPERTORY: "Candaules, Commissioner," Thru Feb. 3. Curtain at 8. "Ubu Rex," Feb. 7 - 10.

ACTOR'S ENSEMBLE: Strindberg's "The Ghost Sonata." Jan. 18 - 20 and 25 - 27. Live Oak Theater in Berkeley.

FESTIVAL THEATER: "Slow Dance on the Killing Ground." Opens Jan. 19. San Anselmo (454-3000).

JULIAN COMPANY: Euripides' "Electra." Jan. 26-27, Feb. 2-3. 1292 Potrero. (VA 4-3550).

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA: The "Orestes" of Euripides, directed by Polish critic Jan Kott. Opens Feb. 15 in Durham Studio Theatre on campus. (841-1170).

ENCORE THEATER (S.F.): "Rain." Carol Doda goes legit. Begins Jan. 23, (391-1747).

In addition, "Luv" continues at the Playhouse (775-4426), and the Pitschel players hold forth at 120 Julian every Friday and Saturday. "Les Ballets Africains," the company of dancers from the Republic of Guinea, will perform Jan. 23 thru Feb. 4 at the Curran. (OR3-4400).

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By Creighton H. Churchill

GETTING FACED ON THE COMPOSING ROOM FLOOR

HANNO'S IN THE ALLEY, a plain, small bar at 435 Minna in San Francisco is widely reputed for the rather specialized characters who drink lunch on its counters. Recently they have been more special than usual, being out of work; paperless in Baghdad. For anyone wishing to find out about the strike, or plumb the world's latest disasters Hanno's is the place to begin. In happier days the little bar was rumored to have doubled as the Chronicle copy desk and composing room, but then newspaperman say anything. Equally curious is the rush of striking print-journalists into other media. Herb Caen of the Chronicle fought elbow to elbow with the Bay Guardian's (and KPIX'S) Rolfe Peterson for camera room on Rolfe's "POW" TV show while Ralph Gleason read his column on KMPX-FM radio and KQED ran a nightly "Newspaper of the Air." The danger here is that once they find out that TV's pay is higher, secretaries prettier, and glamor more secure, few scribblers will be inclined to face beat-up typewriters and three o'clock deadlines. Art Hoppe in stereo?

KEEPING ABREAST OF DADDY'S VIOLET DODA

Gene Spencer, producer of successful and critically praised little theatre offerings at Cedar Alley and Hotel Maurice, is opening "DADDY VIOLET", an unusual semi-improvisational experimental play at the COMMITTEE THEATRE, 836 Montgomery in San Francisco. on Jan. 21. "Daddy" is direct from New York, having enjoyed unanimous critical praise and a nomination for the "Obie," off-broadway's Oscar. Featuring the original cast, "Daddy" interacts with the audience, the actors feeling out the listeners response and improvising around a script-skeleton. Tickets are at the Committee Theatre.

Off-Geary theatre seems to be busting out all over, what with Carol Doda and friends appearing in Somerset Maugham's "Rain" at the ENCORE THEATRE, starting on Jan. 23. Balancing off Carol's talents will be Esther Sutherland, a 300 pound actress-singer-comedienne well known to Purple Onion audiences. Since the setting is Polynesia, one can hope that somebody will be topless — just who, of course, depends on one's tastes. Tickets and information at the Committee Theatre.

SPLITTING SCREENS AND HEADS WITH KALIDESCOPIK COFFEE

Cinematheques are neither movie houses or cabaret theatres, resembling more a pavillion at Expo '67, where flicks compete with the audience and hot dogs for pop art awards. San Francisco now has a member of this genre at 1542 Haight St., in a large cavern behind the Print Mint. Decorated with ecstatic murals on the side walls, rows of chairs with tables facing a set of large movie screens, and an espresso-style coffee bar in the rear, the CINEMATHEQUE mixes experimental and underground films with light shows, happenings, poetry, tape music and coffee. Shows are informal and continuous, starting in late afternoon with admission of \$1.75 paid at the door with special discounts and cinema club rates available. Judicious selection among the rafts of experimental films will be the largest factor in winning a repeat audience for the Cinematheque, as the opening materials, Andy Warhol's "EPL" and the "Palace of Pleasure" by Peter Rowe and John Hofsess, painfully demonstrated. "Palace" is intriguing, with exceptional uses of kalidescopic color patterns and split screen techniques that well qualify it as a chef d'oeuvre of "expanded cinema." Warhol's film is suitable for brain-washing sessions or migraine headaches. It features his Exploding Plastic Inevitable psychedelic side show which turned'em on in Idaho, filmed in hemophiliac color and repetitive idiocy. The Cinematheque has a good future as a creative experimental arts center; for the entrance price, you can hope for an editor who will cull out the Underground Cinema's multitude of tedious celluloid cathartics and show the rare nuggets of forceful and disturbing avant-garde.

INTERSTELLAR GLUE ISN'T FOR AN OSTRICH

Planetary and interstellar space forms, painted in a mixture of sand, glue, and dry colors on canvas, compose the excellent showing of new works by LOUIS SIEGRIEST, now at the TRUTTON GALLERY, 3381 Sacramento St. in San Francisco. One of California's most celebrated painters, Siegriest has worked in most every medium and style during his half century as an exhibiting artist. The current show highlights Siegriest's continuing fascination with developing new techniques and models reflecting man's exploration of his environment. The curves and sweeps of color, tracing out from circular masses, evoke the clean, textured power of Zen dry-gardens. Well worth seeing. Shown until Feb. 3.

John Stevens, the highly talented sculptor/innovator who designed and constructed the interior electronic environment at the U.F.O. Gallery's present "Space-Warp Show" on Haight St. is now exhibiting at the VORPEL GALLERIES in San Francisco. His sculpture-environments place him in the leading waves of the new adaptors: Those who use and control electronics as an art form, rather than hide, ostrich-like, from cybernetic technology. Stevens has studied sculpture with Tony DeLapp and has worked with Bay area light technicians like Bill Hamm and North American Light, developing an impressive mastery of style and "new mechanics."

After the merger

—continued from page 11

on general public opinion by also suggesting that the strike may kill still another San Francisco newspaper.

No one knows how long they'll keep it up, but it's clear that neither the Printing Company nor the Mailers Union is in any hurry

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to compromise. Neither has changed its basic position, and it isn't even certain when they will sit down and talk together again.

Many strikers are convinced the publishers have adopted this position because they have strike insurance that will at least greatly minimize their losses for as long as three months. But no one has been able to prove it.

Others feel the strike will not be settled until there is a settle-

ment of what is now an even tighter deadlock at the Herald-Examiner.

Still others bank on Mayor Joseph Alioto to move in and settle it. Like any other would-be mediator, however, Alioto does not want to enter until both sides invite him. He has asked them, but both turned him down and, although he possibly could use his considerable influence to get them to invite him, this appears unlikely at the moment.

A very real fear at strike headquarters is that Alioto may be forced to move in nevertheless, because of strikebreakers.

Alioto would have behind him an untested ordinance that prohibits the hiring of "professional strikebreakers" -- defined as those who have worked two or more times in the past five years for any struck firm anywhere.

The ordinance probably could be circumvented. But what could not be circumvented would be the violence that strikebreakers invariably cause. It erupted in San Francisco just four years ago, prior to the adoption of the ordinance, when the city's print shops brought in non-union replacements for striking ITU members, and union leaders warn it would erupt again.

They have threatened, in fact, to call a general strike if the Printing Company does bring in strikebreakers. There's more bark than bite in these threats so far. But they're not as idle as they might appear -- not when the leader making the loudest noise is the chief western representative of the Teamster Union's National office, Jack Goldberger, of the Newspaper Drivers.

The strike, too, may drag on long enough to involve the Oakland Tribune and San Jose Mercury-News. The contract that covers the mailers in San Francisco also covers mailers at those papers. The union has avoided striking them, because they usually follow the pattern of any settlement agreed to in San Francisco and because of the obvious problems of extending the strike. But how much longer can the unions wait?

How much longer can the public wait for the daily newspapers which, however imperfect, it needs badly?

"As long as it takes to answer this question once and for all," says an official deeply involved in the dispute:

"How tough are the publishers, how tough are the unions?"

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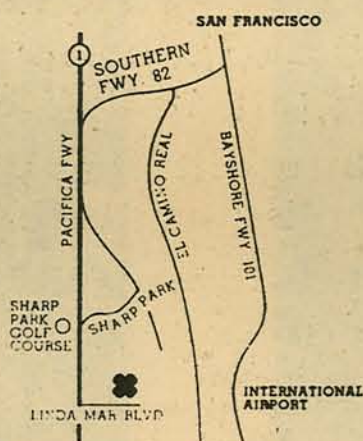
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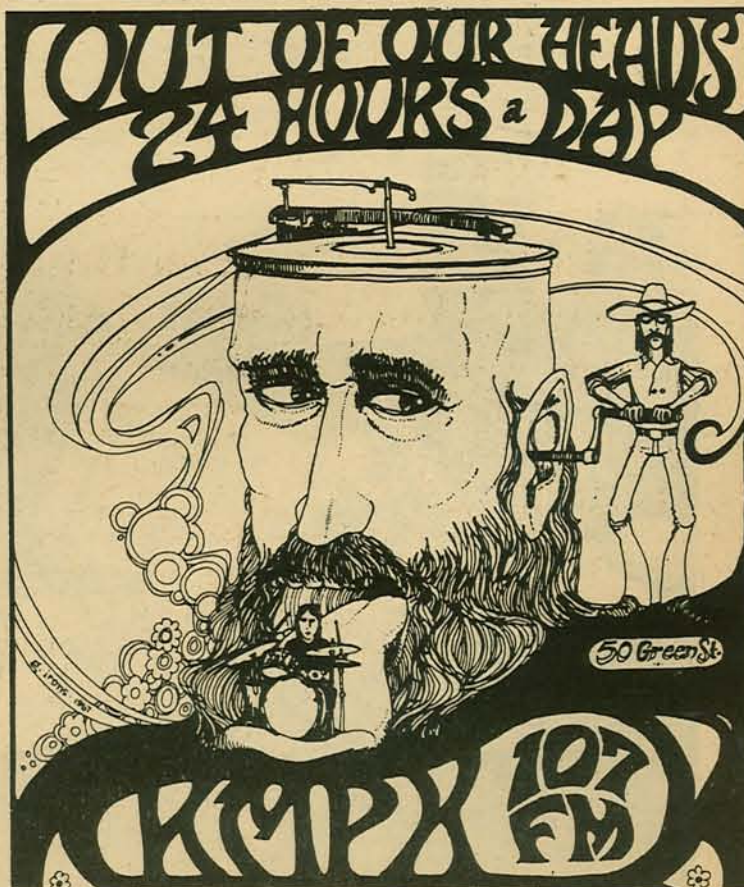
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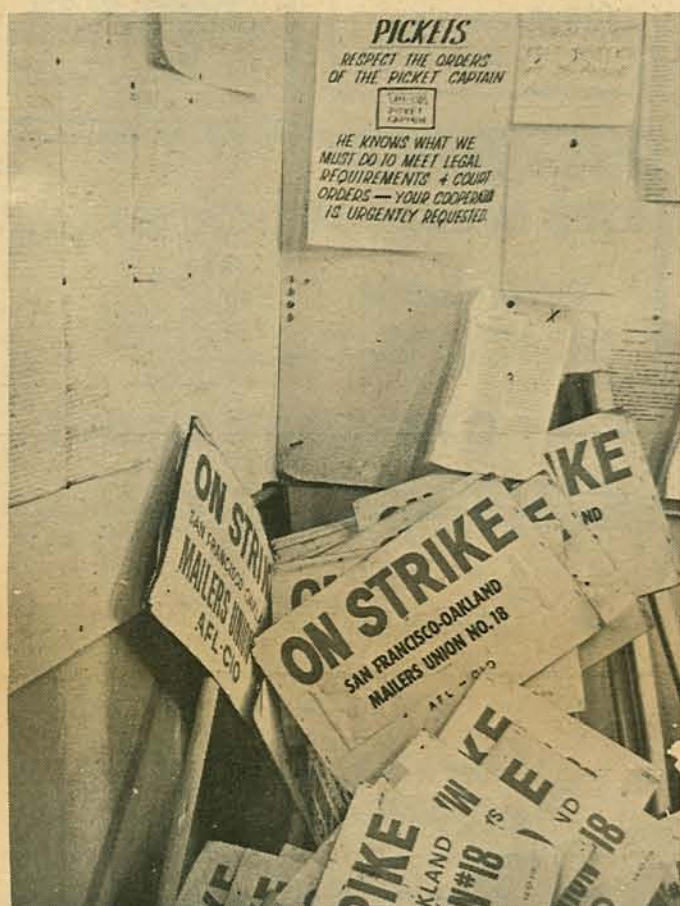


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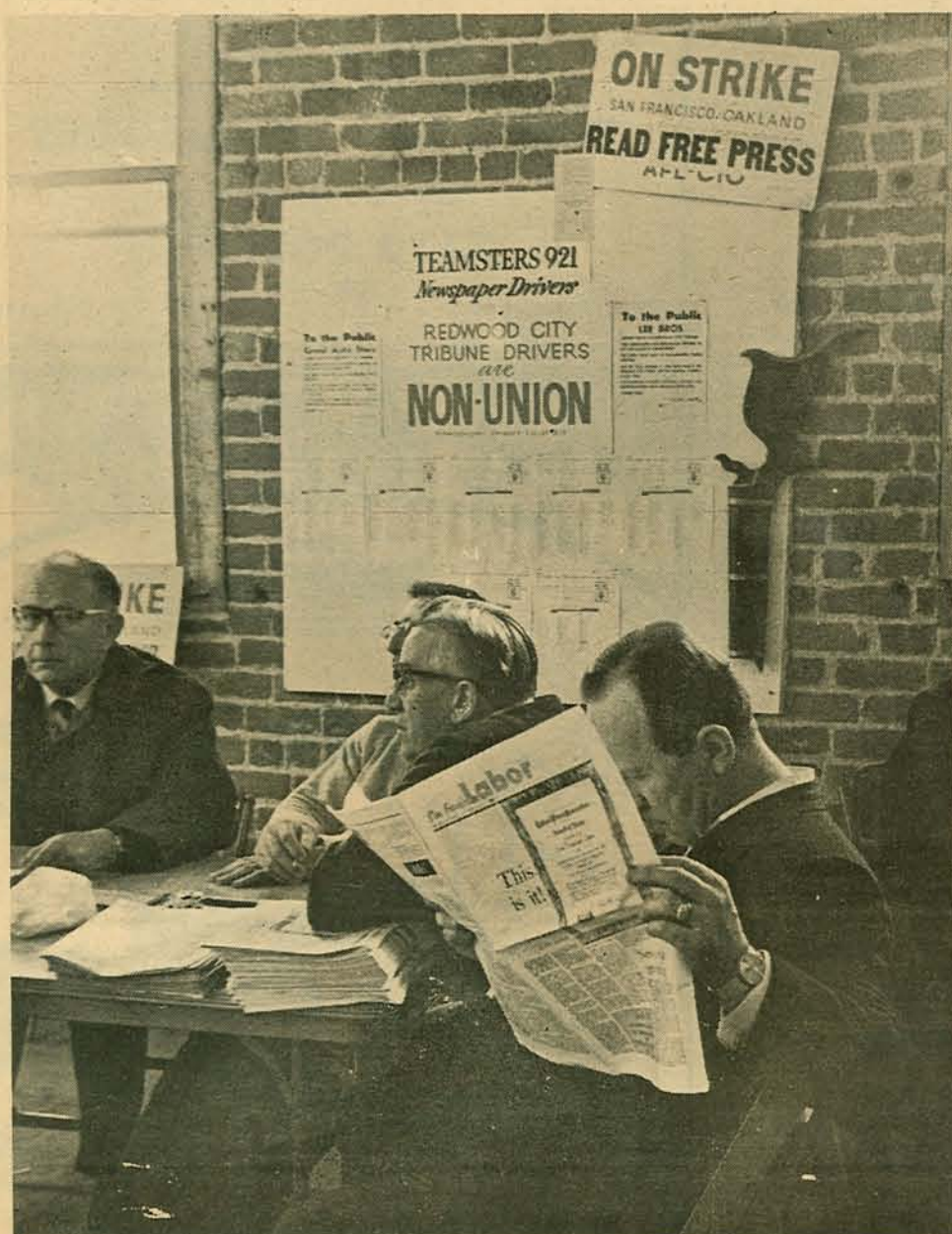


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